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# The Pinkerton Critic.

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# Commencement Parts.

## Pinkerton Academy Ninety-Second Year

### First Honor Essay.

#### THE LILY-STANDARD BEARER.

BY HARRIETTE NEWELL MELVIN.

Back in the fifteenth century, in the little village of Domrémy in eastern France, there lived a simple little peasant girl. She was very common-place indeed; in fact there was nothing about her appearance to cause a second glance as she busied herself with her household duties or wandered off over the hills, watching her father's sheep. And yet, in spite of her quiet unaffectedness, she must have been an unusual girl, for it was whispered that she "heard voices bidding her go and fight for the king."

Two great things she was to accomplish: to save France by defeating the English at Orleans, and to have Charles crowned in the cathedral at Rheims.

"She was not of high degree  
Or of noble birth,  
But no braver soul than she  
Ever trod the earth;"—

for when she heard the distinct summons to go to Charles's court, she obeyed without an instant's hesitation. The time had come to undertake the work for which she was destined, and she had no fear in her heart.

She did not wish for glory nor honor from mankind; she longed to help and save. France was now in a most deplorable condition, its king uncrowned and its beautiful fields the prey of Englishmen and Burgundians; but there was to be a great change ere long, for a deliverer ap-

peared in the person of the shepherd maid of Domrémy to reunite the broken ties of France and rescue it from foreign bondage.

When it was announced at court that the maid was about to appear, Charles exchanged places with one of his courtiers in order to see if she could distinguish him in the large gathering. Without the slightest hesitation, the peasant girl stepped up to the dauphin and told him of the life marked out for her. He thought immediately of the old prophecy that a maid from Burgundy should trample the archers underfoot; and, strange as it seems, the little shepherdess, who a few months before had been tending flocks in the quiet valley at home, was entrusted with the charge of a great army.

Her extremely simple manner and her fearlessness before prince and priest, won their way at once to the hearts of the people. As she sat mounted on her white charger, her steel armor glittering, and her lily-banner floating in the air above her, she seemed a sunbeam among the dark ranks of war. Thus she led on the royal troops to keep the English from taking Orleans.

"Foremost among the first  
And bravest of the brave,  
Where'er the battle's fury burst  
Or rolled its purple wave."

Once she was severely wounded, but when she heard that the French were beginning to give way, she summoned up her last measure of strength and appeared among them. The mere sight of her ban-

ner seemed to renew their courage, for they rallied immediately,

"And eyes looked up, ere they closed in death,

Through the thick and sulphury air ;  
And lips cried out, with their parting breath,

'The lily-banner is there'."

Their renewed courage won the day, and Orleans was saved.

After this half of the peasant girl's mission had been so heroically performed, the people could not feed their eyes on her enough. Crowds thronged around on all sides, as she rode through the streets, and greeted her with cries of "Hail ! Hail ! The Maid ! The Deliverer !" From this grateful, wildly enthusiastic crowd she returned with the dauphin to the cold and jealous opposition of court life.

About two months later, after several less important conquests, the deliverer of Orleans, bearing her lily-banner, accompanied the dauphin in his march to Rheims. There at the great minster was performed the coronation of Charles as true king of France, for whom our noble heroine had given up home-life and love and all that youth holds dear.

Who would have thought that in a few short months King Charles would entirely forget how much of his glory was due to this gentle shepherdess ? Who would have believed that his ingratitude could have been so base as to allow the English to buy that bravest of all heroines, to be destroyed as a witch or heretic ? Yet such was the case ! That heartless king did not so much as lift a finger to rescue from the hands of England the young martyr, who had so nobly devoted the highest and best of her short life to the advancement of his cause. She had cherished no pri-

vate aims or ambitions, but to help her king had been her supreme desire. Yet there she sat in prison for dreary months without receiving the slightest sign of gratitude or the least token of sympathy from Charles ; until at last she faced death before her hard, revengeful captors as bravely as she had done on the king's battle-field. She had laid down her life in living just as truly as she laid it down now in dying.

With this historic tale as a background, the German poet Schiller pays a high tribute to the noble rescuer, in a story somewhat different from the historical description, but just as full of praise for her unselfishly noble spirit.

Her farewell to the scenes of her childhood shows her love for the dear little valley, and as we read her pathetic words we cannot help a feeling of sympathy for what the sacrifice cost her.

"Farewell ! ye mountains, ye beloved pastures,

Ye silent peaceful valleys, fare ye well !

Ye meadows that I watered, and ye trees  
Which I have planted, may ye flourish still !

Farewell, ye grottoes and ye cooling springs ;

Thou Echo, friendly voice of this dear vale,

Who oft hast answered to my homely lay,  
Farewell ! I go ; we part for aye."

She was first welcomed at court as an envoy of God, for she had suddenly appeared on the scene of battle like a Grecian goddess of old, and had saved the army from disgraceful defeat. The dauphin showed his gratitude by putting the royal officers under her charge and entrusting the weighty matters of war to



her inexperienced but skillful command. But sad to relate, after her invaluable service, that resulted in the rescue of Orleans and the coronation of Charles, even her most ardent admirers distrusted her, for on her father's accusation that this seemingly divine heroine was nothing but an evil-minded sorceress, the common people, as well as the envious court followers, accepted the cruel charge, and she became an outcast, deserted by all save a young shepherd, who had been her playmate at home in Domrémy. He believed in her innocence and was rightly proud to offer to take her home. His task was but a short one, however, for these companions were captured by Queen Isabel, and the girl was put in chains and imprisoned in a tower where she could not even see the field of battle—lest she cast an evil spell over the English army and ruin its chance of victory. But triple chains of iron could not restrain her, for when she heard King Charles outside her prison wall, she parted her fetters and rushed forth, showing full forgiveness for the sovereign's ingratitude and distrust by her willingness to serve him until death should take her away. There was but little time left to show her devotion, for she soon received the wound from which she did not recover. Tenderly supported by her king whom she had followed so faithfully, she spoke the last words of a life overflowing with loyal service and perfect trust:

"I come ! I come ! on clouds upborne I rise ;  
To winged robes are changed the martial  
weeds.

Aloft ! aloft ! the earth beneath me lies.

The pain was short—eternal joy succeeds !"

How much more fitting the dramatic conclusion seems for this short but eventful life, with the one for whom she had given her life beside her, showing his appreciation of her loving service by a farewell kindness and

blessing. Instead, the death of the heretic was the one to be endured by the Maid of Orleans. That was to be the sad close of the purely unselfish life of Joan of Arc.

## Second Honor Essay.

### FORESTRY.

BY IVAN B. MORRISON.

The custom of indiscriminate cutting in our forests cannot go on many years longer without danger of seriously marring if not destroying the primeval scenic beauty of the New England States. This is true especially in regard to our own state, and New Hampshire may well be proud of her scenery, which does not suffer in comparison with that of any other state in the union. The selfish lumberman, plying his axe only with a view to private profit, has already begun to make his presence felt on the slopes of the White Hills, and there is a serious danger that their beauty will suffer permanent injury if their sides continue to be ravaged in this way. It is quite evident that if we keep on cutting these forests and make no effort to prepare the land for a fresh planting, the pine forests will gradually die out and give place to other varieties of inferior use and beauty.

There is another menacing danger which results from this abuse of our forests. The headwaters of the Merrimac and of nearly all the more important rivers which supply power for mills and factories are found in the White Mountains. Now actual experiment has shown that in those regions where the forests have been cut off, disastrous spring floods are common, and it is also found that the water supply is soon exhausted, causing much inconvenience and loss at such

towns as may be dependent on these rivers for water-power.

The reason is quite simple. Melting snow supplies a great part of the waters of these rivers during the spring and summer months. Now in a forested region the snow is protected from the direct rays of the sun and melts slowly, running down the mountain side in tiny streams to feed the large rivers. This process of slow melting gives the larger streams an even and constant supply not to be secured in a scantily forested region. Perhaps few people appreciate the importance of this phase of the question, but it is, nevertheless, one of the greatest factors to be considered in the policy to be pursued in regard to the forests.

We are not obliged to confine ourselves to forests alone in our plea for the preservation of the country's natural beauties, for there is another idea closely allied with it which has from time to time been brought before the public in different forms. I refer to that world-famous cataract, Niagara Falls. Twenty years ago people would have scoffed at the idea that the torrent of Niagara River would ever so diminish as to affect sensibly the grandeur of the Falls. But the advent of the extensive use of water-power for the purpose of generating electricity has given affairs an entirely unexpected turn. There are to-day two enormous power-houses at Niagara, which are constantly diverting a great volume of the river from its natural course. This cannot go much farther without reaching a stage where the scenic beauty of the Falls will be so seriously marred that it will be necessary to choose one of two courses; we shall be

obliged either to check the onrushing tide of capitalists who seek the Falls as a profitable investment, or to let progress in manufacture take its own course and abandon the idea of preserving the Falls for aesthetic reasons.

As for the White Mountain region, people have already opened their eyes to the seriousness of the matter, and some of the most public-spirited men of the state have been instrumental in introducing a bill in the House of Representatives asking for an appropriation to be used in creating and maintaining a "White Mountain Forest Reserve." This movement has not as yet met with success, but there seems a good prospect of its ultimate victory. This is undoubtedly due to increased enlightenment on the part of the people in regard to forestry, and is certainly a very encouraging tendency.

The ordinary New England white pine is one of the easiest of all trees to grow from seed, taking root and thriving in the most discouraging localities, and there is no reason why every farmer cannot be his own forester, intelligently caring for his pine woods, and planting new groves to take the place of those cut down. The general indifference of a certain class may perhaps be attributed to the reckless way in which our forefathers slashed the primeval forests. Many people of the present generation have been taught that pines are not especially to be cared for and preserved, but there will soon come a day when such action will be absolutely necessary, and all arguments point to the advisability of pursuing a course looking towards the reclothing of the denuded hills of the old Granite State.



### Third Honor Essay.

#### SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMAS AT PINKERTON ACADEMY.

BY ANNA MARTHA BARNDOLLAR.

Within the past five years the students of Pinkerton Academy have given four of Shakespeare's plays: "Julius Caesar," "As You Like It," "The Merchant of Venice" and "Macbeth." Most of my audience will have recollection of one or more of these plays and of the success that attended them. The portrayal of Brutus and of Shylock must have left its impression upon many minds; that of Rosalind and Celia also. These and other parts have become a tradition in the school. Year by year the work has been increasingly interesting, enthusiastic and profitable. I use the word profitable rather in the intellectual and moral than in the commercial sense. The plays have paid expenses—that is all. The great thing is that they have enriched us in language, in subject and method of thought, in right sentiment, and in appreciation of what is highest and best in humanity.

They have done all this as only the plays of Shakespeare could do. Surely no one will question the wisdom of studying Shakespeare, the master delineator of human experience. Supreme both as a poet and as a dramatist, it must not be forgotten that he is equally great as a moralist and a philosopher. His is that philosophy that is:

"Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose

But a perpetual feast of nectared sweets."

He is invariably the sound moralist, never confounding right and wrong, never failing to show the gulf that yawns be-

tween good and evil. He differs from many of our modern dramatists in that he never is tempted in the name of realism to point a moral at the expense of morals. He keeps virtue enthroned. What is finer, or nobler, than Portia's speech to Shylock in praise of mercy:—

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd;  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice  
bles'd;

It blesseth him that gives, and him that  
takes:

"Tis mightiest in the mightiest."

What more inspiring to temperance than such words as these of Adam's in "As You Like It":—

"Let me be your servant;  
Though I look old, yet I am strong and  
lusty;

For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,  
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo  
The means of weakness and debility;  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly."

Such is the Shakespeare whom, by the presentation of these plays, we have perhaps approached more intimately in word and spirit than any other purely book influence of our school life. It is not as if we had merely read and re-read his lines, in the light of notes and glossary, for every hidden meaning. We have done this and more too. We have memorized his words and phrases until they are become a part of our daily speech. We have steeped ourselves in his thought, but we have taken his words to be our instruments of thought. And it was no hardship to memorize the lyrical lines when familiarity and repetition instead of breed-

ing boredom, only revealed new depths of beauty. The process dispelled the illusion, all too common, that classical is but another name for dullness. In the words and phrases which we have added to our store, who knows but that we have provided ourselves with keys to many a future doubt and perplexity?

But first of the benefits that we have derived from the presentations of the plays, I must place stress on our effort to enter into the large spirit of Shakespeare's characters. For a season, we live and breathe in these. Every faculty is called into play here. It is an exercise of the imagination and of the emotions. The whole is expanded to meet the exigency. Unless one is greatly deceived, it is an experience from which one can never quite return to be as he was before. The changes so often remarked in those who have borne leading parts in the plays I cannot think merely apparent and superficial: surely they are real and lasting. And I attribute them above all to the effort to realize in thought, in feeling, in deportment, something of the greatness that is in Shakespeare.

Primarily, of course, the purpose of the work in Shakespeare is to afford training, to inspire confidence, to cultivate taste, and to develop the power of expression. In this it does not differ much from our other school work of which it is the fitting rounding off and summing up. But it adds an element of fascination to study, which, I think, none of us has known before. Attribute this to what you will, so far from detracting from the educational value of the work, it must and does very greatly enhance it. The glamour of the stage must have something to do with our glowing interest also. The night of our

appearance before an audience, with all its trepidations, was a real delight. The strongest feeling was one of mastery in having at command the gestures, words and intonations to sway so many people before us, and then there is the spell of the stage properties. Fancy the effect on the feminine mind of so much finery; signs were not wanting that it was no whit less on the masculine mind. How we all gathered eagerly about, at the unpacking, for our share of the crowns and casques, the robes of state and the panoply of war! And to think that probably it had all descended to us from some of the great ones of the stage. Shall I ever forget that moment? From then, on to the rising of the curtain on the first act in public, we walked on air. We felt that we truly were Shakespeare's men and women. We had done all that mind alone could do to create our parts; the costumes were the final touch needed to make the illusion complete.

I have dwelt mostly upon the influence of the plays upon those who have been so fortunate as to be cast for parts in them. Much might be said about their influence upon the school at large and upon the community. They take Shakespeare down from the dusty shelf and make him a living presence among us. Many of us are not where we can often visit the theatre. Unfortunately the plays that come within our reach are not always even tolerably good. We are reduced to the necessity of seeking better in books or going without. But we have not always the patience for books. We require the material aids to the imagination that the stage affords. Our annual play is the one contact with what is worth while in the drama.

I think that our lives must bear testi-



mony to the end that we have drunk deep of the Shakespearean ideal. We have caught sight of that "vision of virtue and culture" that the years cannot blot out.

We have been lifted, we have lifted ourselves, by this art of Shakespeare's, to a higher plane of living. It must render our service nobler to the world.

## Class Day Parts.

### History of '07 Class.

BY E. MARJORIE OSBORN.

Four years ago last September our class entered Pinkerton Academy. The first day of school was a bright sunshiny day, and to us a very important one. School was to open at nine o'clock, and at about half past eight the boys and girls had already begun to gather in the halls. Here were groups of young folks talking and welcoming each other back, there a group of younger boys and girls talking together but they did not appear so much at home as the others, for these were the Juniors. We did not feel at home at first, but when the bell sounded for us to go up to the chapel, from that moment we began to feel as if we were where we belonged. When we were all seated and had sung, and prayer had been offered, we were welcomed by our principal and then told which rooms we were to occupy. About ten o'clock all those who did not have to take examinations were dismissed. Thus the first day of school was over, and the Junior class, numbering thirty-one in all, had started on the first year of work as students of the Academy.

After a short time things went along smoothly, and one morning the Seniors' Reception to the Juniors was announced. We, the Juniors, were pleased to accept this invitation, and all of us were present at the reception, and the Seniors did all

they could to entertain and welcome us. During the first year our class did not have a sociable, and we had nothing to decide in class matters until we had to choose our class tree. We decided to plant an ivy instead of a tree; so Miss Bartlett, in whose room we sat, procured it for us and we planted it with much pride at the left of the main entrance to the Academy. We had a song in memory of the ivy, and chose our class colors of corn yellow and green; and later elected Arthur Newell as president. So when our first year of school was over we had performed all the duties of a Junior class.

The second year we were welcomed into Mr. Campbell's room, and here we began our struggles with Geometry. If Mr. Campbell had not been very patient with us and helped us, we might have become discouraged. But this room always has something cheerful about it, and possibly this helped us too. Our turn came then to give a sociable, and a committee was appointed by our class president, Blanche Prescott, and arrangements were made to have the sociable the success that it proved to be. The hall was decorated with pine boughs and jack-o-lanterns, apples were placed around the room in baskets, and all were free to help themselves. An entertainment was provided and everything went off smoothly. We felt that our first sociable was a grand success. That same year the "Merchant

of Venice" was given by the school; Miss Barndollar played the rôle of Portia, and we were all proud of her. The second year seemed the shortest year of school, and almost before we were aware of it, Commencement week was over.

The third year we were all settled in Miss Parsons's room. That year we gave another sociable; we tried to give all present a good time, and the looks of the chapel the next morning seemed to prove that we had been successful.

That year Harriette Melvin won a scholarship prize; and that of course pleased us all. In the Speaking Contest, Bradford, Gaskin and Miss Barndollar won prizes. So the third year passed, and last but not least came the fourth and Senior year.

This has been a very pleasant year, even though it has been our busiest. Our first move was to elect Shepard president of the class; then we gave the Juniors a reception. We soon chose our class pins, and this was no easy task, but we at last decided on them and we are very well satisfied. The first term of the year we had our corn roast, and although efforts were made to keep us from having a good time yet, we succeeded in having one of the best times during the year. Several accidents were met with by the attacking party, for instance, white sweaters suddenly changed color in some mysterious and of course unaccountable way; one of the Seniors was a little unfortunate, for he strayed from his path on his way home and did not reach home until after ten, but we did not mind such small things.

Macbeth was given at the end of the winter term, and every Senior had some part in it. Anna Barndollar took the

part of Lady Macbeth and Bradford that of Macbeth. Much time was given by both teachers and scholars in preparing for this play, but we all felt well paid for our work.

During the spring term we all went after May-flowers, thanks to Mr. Shepard's hayrack. This was one of the times when the boys had all they wanted to eat, for they ordered each girl to bring a big cake, two dozen sandwiches, some fruit, a quart of pickles and eighteen cream cakes. They in return were to bring something to drink, but through no fault of the girls, we all, boys included, ate our dinner without the help of even a glass of water.

Since then we have thought only of graduation affairs, and we have been busy holding class meetings and preparing for the preliminaries. Here we, are fifteen in all, almost at the close of our four years' course at Pinkerton, waiting eagerly for the diplomas which mean so much to us all.

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### Class Prophecy.

BY HELEN E. CLEMENT.

One beautiful evening in the first of June, the Senior class of 1907 was assembled at the home of one of its members. The occasion was a joyful one and yet there was sadness mingled with the joy, for this was the last party that we should have during our school days at Pinkerton; it was the last time that the class would be together while students of our beloved school.

Perhaps the most interesting event of the appropriate entertainment which our hostess had provided was having our fortunes told. Each member of the class was closeted for about ten minutes with a mysterious person who was supposed to



be skilled in the art of palmistry. However this may be, we had no apprehensions in going to her and extending our hand, which she seemed to examine very carefully. The palms of some of us, however, were rejected, and the eyes and forehead were used as interpreters of our future.

Instead of telling each the result of her efforts, she wrote it down on a white card and after all the fortunes had been written, she collected the cards, beckoned to me, and placing them in my hand said that, though I might read the cards, I was not to let my classmates see them until we should observe our class day exercises. Then I must read and present them. So, dear classmates, in giving you these cards, I am simply following the instructions of our unknown prophetess.

The first card is for Harold Abbott :

A professional runner you'll be,  
Who, in the games far across the sea,  
Will outstrip that courier, gasping for  
    breath,  
Who, delivering the message, met his death,  
You will break the record, but without  
    the result,  
Of that poor courier of the Marathon rout.

The next card has a message for Miss Barndollar, which though short, is full of promise :

Only Miss Barndollar now you are,  
A college graduate, you will star  
As an instructor in Algebra.

Miss Blood's card says :

Marion, you'll be a beaming light,  
In cap and apron of spotless white.  
You will save lives who, never till now  
Have felt a soothing touch on the brow.

A nurse, of what have we more need  
And, Marion, you will succeed.

I am sure that Mr. Bradford will be  
pleased with his inspiring message :  
Maurice, you need not show surprise  
Nor wonder why I am so wise ;  
The lines in your hand show to me  
That a good parson you will be ;  
As savor of souls, you'll not fear  
To preach the gospel far and near.

According to this card, Mr. Fisher intends to spend his life far from home and friends :

Ervin Fisher, a fortune will gain  
In the far west, perhaps on the plain.  
As a ranchman, you will win a name,  
For honesty, honor, if not for fame.

The next message is for Mr. Knight :  
Mister Ira Knight your blue eyes so bright,  
Which someone has said have a wicked  
    light,  
Tell me that wealth and happiness will be  
    your lot,  
As a traveling salesman, who will cheat  
    us not.

Mr. Kaulbach's message which comes next is surely one of which to be proud :

George Kaulbach, fair future for thee,  
Does your palm and forehead decree,  
In debates you have been renowned,  
As a lawyer, you will be found  
Excelling all, the world around.

Mr. MacDonald's card reads :  
Johnnie so cheerful and bright,  
Who always does what's right,  
As a teacher of Greek you'll excel,

And all your pupils will learn right well.

The life work which our prophetess has foretold for Miss Helen Melvin will not be a surprise to us :

Miss Helen, after much hard study abroad,  
As a pianist will receive great applause.  
A teacher too, who will be ranked first  
Among the great instructors on earth.

Miss Harriette's message has a bit of advice in it :

Miss Harriette Melvin, who receives first honor,  
As principal of a College would be a wonder,

But, though ambition may say, "a career,"  
Conscience will be whispering in her ear,  
"Hearts you have broken, and more you will break,

Unless you stop before it's quite too late."

The next card is for Miss Osborn :

Marjorie, your black eyes so merry,  
Will win you success right in Derry.  
You will be an instructor at Pinkerton,  
In Physical Culture and Elocution.

The message for Mr. Morrison will interest us :

Ivan, for all it will be a pleasure  
To engage your service without measure,  
For every ailment you'll have a cure  
And as a Physician will succeed, sure.

The message for Mr. Shepard is so long that our prophetess had difficulty in limiting it to this card :

Fritz, are you wondering what you'll do,  
When you are a man and out of school?  
Perhaps,—but you need not be alarmed,—  
When you are at home on "father's" farm,  
Cultivating fertile acres so fine,  
Your mind will wander to that bygone time,

When as an inventor, noted and great,  
You achieved wealth at an enormous rate  
Yes, an inventor you'll be, renowned,  
And no greater will ever be found.

The next message is for Mr. Wilson :

Aaron H., who was always at school,  
A very good boy and easy to rule,  
As a merchant you will be great,  
Very prosperous, up-to-date.

This last card has the name of Helen Clement, but unlike the others, the message is written in an unknown language and wholly unintelligible.

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## Athletics.

### BASEBALL.

As the baseball season has advanced, the Pinkerton team has not justified the words of hope written in the May CRITIC. Nearly every game has resulted in defeat, and in nearly every game the disheartening feeling has been that the team ought

to be doing better. The great fault has been a lack of hard work. No better material for a team will ever go upon our field; six of the nine men are veterans, and every man is a strong individual player. But there have been too many days without practice; the feeling has



seemed to be that a day or so of work now and then was enough. The result has been, as it ought to be, consistent failure, and after failure, demoralization.

Is there any need of pointing out the lesson? Let us forbear doing this, and simply remark that there is a season of football soon to come when there will be need of a different spirit.

The following games have been played:

Pinkerton 5	Hesser College 4
Pinkerton 1	Derry A. A. 2
Pinkerton 7	Derry A. A. 6
Pinkerton 4	Manchester High 8
Pinkerton 1	Lawrence High 8
Pinkerton 1	Wakefield High 12

#### PINKERTON 5: SANBORN 4.

The first of the two games with Sanborn Seminary was at Kingston, June 14. As it was Commencement Day, a very large crowd was present, and no person left the field without feeling that he had seen a great game of ball.

Few people believed Pinkerton to have any likelihood of winning, for the boys had hardly been together for several weeks; most of the P. A. supporters would have been satisfied merely by seeing an interesting and reasonably well-played contest, and expected the score to go in favor of Sanborn. But disappointment of the most pleasant sort was in store for the loyal friends of P. A. Not only did the boys make the game interesting, but they put up a quality of baseball that, except in one or two instances, was of the first order. Eleven innings were necessary to settle the battle, but at the end nobody could doubt as to where the victory belonged.

Pinkerton made a change that greatly strengthened her game by putting Fred

Corson at third base. He and Knight took care of everything coming their way; and Barndollar at first, who played his first game for P. A., handled himself in a way to win nothing but praise. Hall pitched a good game, and not a little of his strength was due to Harvey Wilson's superb work behind the bat. Few persons realize how much the catcher has to do with a pitcher's work, and Wilson deserves the highest praise for his cool and steady strength at those critical places in the game when the pitcher might so easily have been rattled. Raitt at second, and the entire outfield were at all times in the right places, Clark's two-bagger being a feature of the game. Corson got a good three-base hit, and Hall put in a hit in the second that gave P. A. her first run. Kaulback brought in a run in the eleventh by a hit.

Sanborn's outfield was weaker than Pinkerton's, and the weakness contributed to P. A.'s score. The infield played a snappy game, but were fully matched by the Pinkerton boys. Sanborn could not hit Hall when hits were needed.

The score:

#### PINKERTON.

	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Clark, lf	5	1	1	3	0	0
Raitt, 2b	4	0	0	1	1	1
Corson, 3b	5	1	2	2	6	1
Knight, ss	5	2	3	0	3	0
Kaulback, rf	3	0	1	1	0	1
Taylor, cf	5	0	0	2	0	0
Wilson, c	3	1	0	9	1	0
Hall, p	4	0	1	0	2	1
Barndollar, 1b	4	0	0	13	0	0
Totals,	38	5	8	*1	13	4

#### SANBORN.

	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Flint, 3b	4	0	0	2	1	0
Kemp, p	4	1	0	4	6	0
C. Ladd, lf	4	2	2	2	0	1
Collins, 1b	4	0	0	10	0	0

Cheney, c	4	0	0	13	0	0													
J Ladd, cf	5	0	0	0	0	0	1												
Judkins, rf	4	1	1	0	0	0	0												
Warner, ss	4	0	0	0	0	0	5	0											
Sargent, 2b	4	0	0	0	2	3	0												

Totals,	37	4	3	33	15	2													
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11								
Pinkerton, 0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	2-5								
Sanborn, 2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1-4								

\*Ladd out hit by batted ball.

Collins out for interference by coacher.

Earned Ruus, P. A. 1. 2 Base Hits—lark, Judkins. 3 base hit—Corson. Base onball—Off Hall, 5, off Kemp, 1, Struck out—By Kemp 10, by Hall 10. Double plays—Kemp, Sargent and Collins, Warner Collins and Flint. Hit by pitcher—Wilson. 2. Sacrifice Hits—Kaulback, 2. Time, 1:50. Umpire—Currier.

### TRACK AND FIELD SPORTS.

The annual inter-class meet for the Adams cup was held May 21. As the day was cold and wet, and as the field and track were in poor condition, the records were poor. The Seniors were the winners, the score being: '07, 56; '08, 25; '09, 10; '10, 14.

A small team went to Concord May 25, and took part in the N. H. I. A. A. games. Capt. H. V. Abbott won second in the mile run, and Gaskin third in the pole vault.

P. A. 61 1-2; SANEORN 51 1-2.

The annual dual meet with Sanborn on May 30, was the athletic event of the season, for it was a contest from start to finish, and as Dr. Kemp of Sanborn said, "The best men won." Pinkerton started off brilliantly, and by winning first and second in the hundred, second and third in the broad jump, first and second in the broad jump, first and second in the half-mile, and first in the shot put, secured a strong lead, so that it looked as if everything were going her way. But when Sanborn took first and second in

the two-twenty dash and hurdles, and all the points in throwing hammer and discus, she looked as much a winner as Pinkerton had at the start.

In the mile run P. A. made a slight gain, and in the high jump another, so that at the start of the quarter-mile the score stood 48 1-2 to 41 1-2 in Sanborn's favor, with victory assured to the school winning 57 points, i. e., a majority of the total number possible.

The quarter-mile saved the day for Pinkerton, and was truly a wonderful race. Kemp of Sanborn was expected to take it, for it was supposed that P. A. had no one as good as he. Captain Abbott, who had already won the mile and the half-mile, decided to see what he could do at the shorter distance. The result was that he and Kemp fought it out for a lap, and then the Sanborn sprinter had to drop back and see Abbott, Griffiths, and Shepard take all three places for P. A. This victory set Pinkerton ahead again, although by only two points.

The pole vault left P. A. with 56 1-2 points, exactly half the total, so that the worst could be only a tie. Then came the relay race, and eight thoroughly tired and determined fellows lined up. But Sanborn had worked her men too hard, and Pinkerton won, leaving the score 61 1-2 to 51 1-2.

The day was a perfect one until the meet was well in progress, when rain came. As a result of this the high jump and the pole vault were held under very unfavorable conditions, the ground being so slippery as to make a good record impossible. Had the chance been good, the record in both these events would have been broken, as Sanborn had men who had done better than five feet in the



jump, and Gaskin of P. A. had vaulted nine feet three at Concord the preceding Saturday. Many regrets were heard that Gaskin was thus hindered, for he had been one of the most patient and consistent workers of the team, and deserved the opportunity of establishing a record that, like Bancroft's records of last year in the weights, would in all probability stand for many a year.

Most of last year's records in the sprints and runs were broken. Although the times are slow, it is only because both schools are yet in the beginning as far as track work is concerned. It is doubtful, however, if a cleaner, more exciting, or better contested meet was ever held, even on the great college fields.

The score:

100-yard dash Kaulback (P), first; Griffiths (P), second; Ladd (S), third. Time 11 1-5 seconds, (new record).

Running broad jump—Kemp (S), first; Shepard (P), second; Hatch (P), third. Distance 19 feet, (new record).

880-yard run—H. V. Abbott (P), first; Shepard (P), second; Flint (S), third. Time 2 minutes 18 2-5 seconds, (new record).

Shot put—F. Corson (P), first; Ladd

(S), second; Carr (S), third. Distance 33 feet, 7 3-4 inches.

220-yard dash—Kemp (S), first; Carr (S) second; Griffiths (P), third. Time 25 2-5 seconds, (new record).

Hammer throw—H. Judkins (S) first; Carr (S), second; Tucker (S), third. Distance 103 feet, 3 inches.

220-yard hurdles—Kemp (S), first; Flint (S), second; Kaulback (P) third. Time 31 seconds.

Discus throw—Carr (S) first; Ladd (S), second; Collins (S), third. Distance 91 feet.

Mile run—H. V. Abbott (P), first; Flint (S), second; Barndollar (P), third. Time 5 minutes 17 1-5 seconds (new record).

Running High Jump—F. Corson (P), and Shepard (P), tied for first and second; Flint (S), and Gaskin (P), tied for third. Height 4 feet, 9 inches.

440-yard run—H. V. Abbott (P), first; Griffiths (P), second, Shepard (P), third. Time 59 seconds (new record).

Pole Vault—Gaskin (P), first; Kemp (S) second; F. Corson (P), third. Height 8 feet 3 inches.

Relay Race—(4-5 mile) Won by Pinkerton—Kaulback, Griffiths, Shepard, H. V. Abbott.

## Alumni Department.

### Graduation Customs.

The first graduation was in Nov. 1860, and Mary Eastman Hill was the only graduate. Since then graduations have been held every year except '61, '62, '63, '65, '74 and '89. Previous to '88 these exercises were generally held in the Congregational Church, though

in '60, '64, '68 and '72 they were held in the old academy, while in '78 the Association Hall was used.

In '69 the valedictory and salutatory were given by rank to Ellie Gilcreast Huse and Clara James Matthews, respectively, but previous to this time the class assigned them; thereafter these honors were given every

year, '86 and '87 excepted, until 1900, when they were discontinued.

The first boy who graduated was Cassius S. Campbell '64, the present head of the department of Mathematics. The girls in '64 and '66 dressed alike in plain muslin which was then selling for 75c per yard. One of the '66 ladies says that owing to the size of the skirts, due to the hoops, the graduation had to be held in the church, for the Academy was not large enough for the class of seven girls.

The first prophecy and chronicle (now known as history) were read in '69—these subjects were continued till '81, then were dropped till '90, when Walter Hall read the best prophecy ever heard at Pinkerton, and Harriette Day Low had an equally good history.

In '86 two new customs were started,—the baccalaureate sermon was delivered, and the first speaker, George E. Street, delivered an address.

In '91 the first tree was planted, and class day was established. Also an imported orchestra gave a concert Friday evening, at which an admission was charged.

In '90 the last class soloist, Lillian Merrill Sefton, sang "When the Heart is Young." The chorus class sang its sad farewell in '92 to the tune of "Fairylend Waltz." The largest class was '95, which consisted of eighteen. The Friday program as it now is,—three honor essays or orations, three musical numbers and an address, has been in vogue for seven years, and about the only recent changes were in '02, when the graduates occupied seats on the platform, and, '06 when the entire hall for Friday afternoon was reserved.

F. W. P.

### Alumni Notes.

(\* D. notes non-graduate, year given being last of attendance.)

\*'53-\*'54. Leonard Paul Brickett, who

spends his summers in Derry and winters in Lynn, Mass., is one of our Derry-born alumni. Mr. Brickett began teaching at the age of seventeen, and continued for forty-three years, teaching in Derry, Danvers, Mass., and Lynn, Mass. He was principal of the Shepard Grammar School, Lynn, for twenty-five years, resigning twelve years ago. Mrs. Brickett will be remembered as Ellen Eastman.

\*'64. Jesse Gibson MacMurphy (Dartmouth '68 and Nashotah Theological Seminary '73) fitted for college under Mr. Stanton. Mr. MacMurphy during his academy and college course "taught out" winters in Hudson, Londonderry, East Derry and Raymond. This was the beginning of his teaching career; later he taught in Racine, Wis.; Baltimore, Md., and in San Francisco, Cal. Besides teaching, since '73 he has been officiating as Rector or assistant almost continuously in Sheboygan Falls, and Racine, Wis., and San Francisco, Cal. At present he is Rector of the Chuach of the Transfiguration in West Derry.

In 1870 he married Mary Lucy James, who is one of our alumni, and one of the two vice-presidents of the Association. Mr. MacMurphy is a member of several historical, social and religious orders and, a citizen of whom our town may well be proud.

'64. This class of four who graduated forty-three years ago are all living, and apparently as well as the day they received their diplomas. Mrs. Martha Dinsmore Dearborn, who is a widow, is making her home with her son in Madison, Wis., Mrs. Ellen Currier Woodruff, lives in Lawrence, Mass., and Miss Sarah M. Stewart at Amherst.

The only "boy" in this class is Cassius S. Campbell, who is known to every scholar since '88.

'01. Albert T. Melvin (Dartmouth '05) has been spending the past two years at



Robert College, Constantinople, Turkey, as instructor in English and Athletics. He was intending to spend three years there, but on account of impaired health he was obliged to return earlier.

'03. Among this month's graduates from college are Mary H. Davis from Mt. Holyoke, Clara L. Hunt from the State Normal School, and Chester T. Woodbury from Dartmouth.

'04-'05. Esther Palmer, Ethel M. Greene and Rosie B. Chase are also among our graduates this month, from the State Normal School at Plymouth.

### Marriages.

West Derry, June 4. L. Howard Eaton of Springfield, Mass., and Alice Lucy Metcalf ('01) of South Acworth.

New York, N. Y., June 17. Edward A. Stevens, Jr., ('00) and Edith Maie Clegg of New York.

### Deaths.

Windham Depot, June 6. Edward B. Clark (\*'90) aged 36 years.

## The Power of Self-Esteem.

BY HELEN CLEMENT.

A proper self-esteem and confidence in one's ability is the very foundation of all achievement. One may be deprived of educational advantages, or may be poor and without family distinction, but provided he has self confidence and an assurance that he can overcome all difficulties which threaten to block his way, he will succeed in rising above them and push onward on the road to success.

On the other hand, one may be born in luxury, have every educational advantage, parents who are powers in the community, and opportunities which are the envy of many another young person, but if he has acquired the habit of depreciating

himself, of thinking he is a failure and has not the ability to accomplish anything nobody will believe in him or expect him to win. He can not succeed while doubting himself or thinking thoughts of failure.

Much of President Roosevelt's success has been due to his great self-confidence. He goes at everything with that grand assurance which half wins the battle before he begins. It is true that people will make way for a resolute person, and that obstacles will vanish from the path of a determined person who believes in himself. It is said that during the war which England had with France in 1793, William Pitt's military administration was unsuccessful. But no disaster could daunt his spirit; when a new French victory, followed by a panic, had spread dismay, Pitt, from his place in Parliament, poured forth words of great hope and resolution. After William Pitt was dismissed from office, he said to the Duke of Devonshire: "I am sure I can save this country, and that nobody else can." "For eleven weeks," says Bancroft, "England was without a minister. At length the King and aristocracy recognized Pitt's ascendancy and yielded to him the reins."

In September, 1862, when Abraham Lincoln issued his emancipation proclamation, he wrote this in his diary: "I promised my God I would do it." Does any one doubt that such a resolution added power to this great man, or that it inspired him to accomplish what he had undertaken? Ridicule, dread of enemies, desertion of friends,—nothing could shake his confidence in his ability to lead the nation through the greatest struggle in its history.

In every line of work, self-esteem is a quality which one must have in order to

be successful and prosperous. Even in school life the student who has plenty of confidence will fare much better than the student who is so modest and timid that he doubts his own efficiency.

Perhaps the confident student may not be so good a scholar, but he makes a good impression on the teacher, who naturally is pleased with him and is deceived in his ability.

On the other hand, a modest, doubtful student, without confidence, will impress the teacher unfavorably; even if he has studied hard on the lesson, he does not feel sure of himself, and when he recites, he is apt to appear as if he did not know much about the subject. A wavering mind will be sure to make a wavering execution.

Young people have gained good positions mostly on the strength of their pleasing appearance. Others have lost good positions because they did not show themselves to the best advantage. They did not carry conviction. They were not believed in any more than they believed in themselves.

Many persons of splendid ability and education have attained only ordinary success, because they put limitations to their ability, belittled their powers, and threw stumbling-blocks in their way.

On the other hand, an uneducated person who believes in himself and has faith that he can do what he undertakes, often will be more successful than a college-bred man whose wider outlook and overculture tends to lessen his self confidence.

What a grand example we have of the power of self-esteem and determination in

the life of John A. Johnson, the Governor of Minnesota. He was born in poverty, without friends or opportunity for education, and when only nine years old, was obliged to support the entire family, consisting of five younger brothers and sisters and his mother. He has proved again that the world stands aside for a determined soul who believes in himself.

Yet in spite of all the advantages which self-esteem gives to one, it also tends to make one disliked, if carried too far. None of us like a conceited person who thinks no one can tell him anything; who is forever extolling his knowledge or superior ability, and who must be the leader in everything he undertakes. We all know such persons, but they are not really congenial friends, and perhaps we congratulate ourselves that we were not born with that conceit which makes some people so disagreeable. This, however, does not mean that we are not to esteem ourselves. A proper self-esteem does not make us disagreeable or disliked. It rather tends to make people respect us and our opinions. Nor does self-esteem mean that one will lose any of his modesty. A person need not feel called upon to push himself foremost or to be too eager to give his opinion, unasked. He simply has an opinion of his own and believes in it.

With self-esteem and an iron will great and mighty undertakings have been accomplished and are accomplished every day. Without these one is but the plaything of chance. Should we not all bear in mind what one great man has said: "As a man thinketh so is he."

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